

their biography

their biography:
AN organism OF
relationships
amassed by & about
THE object most often
identified AS ONE
kevin mcpherson eckhoff

*I felt self-sufficient except with regard to my
feelings, to which I was always vulnerable,
always in relation to someone else.*

Lyn Hejinian, MY LIFE

*i place myself there, with them, whoever they
are, wherever they are, who seek to reach
themselves and the other thru the poem by as
many exits and entrances as possible*

bpNichol, STATEMENT

*I don't care what you think,
unless it is about me*

Kurt Cobain, DRAIN YOU

THIS IS TRUE

Jaroslav was a toddler under the age of 4. He was at the grocery store with his mommie. He was acting out in a way that his mother wanted to get out of the store quickly. She was carrying him out under her arm and his legs were kicking fast and furious. Jaroslav starting yelling loudly "Help! Help! This isn't my mother! I don't know her! Help me!"

WHO IS KEVIN MCPHERSON ECKHOFF?

KME can only be defined as:

65% Oxygen

18% Carbon

10% Hydrogen

3% Nitrogen

1.5% Calcium

1.0% Phosphorus

0.35% Potassium

0.25% Sulfur

0.15% Sodium

0.05% Magnesium

0.70% Copper

0.70% Zinc

0.70% Selenium

0.70% Molybdenum

0.70% Fluorine

0.70% Chlorine

0.70% Iodine

0.70% Manganese

0.70% Cobalt

and 0.70% Iron

KME also contains trace amounts of the following:

Lithium

Strontium

Aluminum

Silicon

Lead

Vanadium

Bromine

and Arsenic



TWO LARGE ANECDOTES

Kevin, a Macpherson, is a one of two large and fit right and left anecdotes that collect and expel Eckhoffs received from the past towards the peripheral bed within the language and voice. The past (an adjacent/upper Kevin anecdote that is smaller than a Macpherson) primes the anecdote. InterKevin means between two or more Macphersons (for example the InterKevin handshake), while IntraKevin means within one Macpherson (for example an IntraKevin book).

In a youthful Kevin, such as that of an earlier time, there are two Macphersons: the old Macpherson which pumps Eckhoff into the memory to/for the voice, and the new Macpherson which pumps Eckhoff into the memory through the new (future memories). (See Double memory system for details.)

Macphersons have thicker walls than the actual past and must allow and withstand higher incoming and outgoing Eckhoff memory pressures. The physiologic load on the Macphersons requiring pumping of Eckhoff throughout the language and voice is much greater than the pressure generated by the past to fill the Macphersons. Further, the left Macpherson has thicker walls than the right because it needs to pump Eckhoff to most of the memory while the right Macpherson fills only the voice.

The mass of the left Macpherson, as estimated by recollection, averages $143 \text{ g} \pm 38.4 \text{ g}$, with a range of $87\text{g} - 224 \text{ g}$.^[1]

One look shows you a curious, kind, innocent and inquisitive young man... A deeper look shows you someone aware of who he is and who those around him are becoming, and yet the deeper you look you see a great surprise whose life unfolds like a great mystery and whose imagination is its limitation. Keven has always surprised me. Who I thought was just a goofy young boy surprised me when I noticed his depth, his emotion, his passion for God and his friends. Kevin is able to be real in any extreme and extreme in any reality. He has processed some very mature experiences in his small years and come out the victor. His sense of humor is his friend and the companion of those who know him... Well, this is not too specific, but these are the initial words that come to my mind through my heart...

A SHORT CONFESSIONAL LYRIC THAT KEVIN MCPHERSON ECKHOFF WROTE

A semiotic of villainy

An algorithm of performativity

A spectacle of onanism.

KEVIN MCPHERSON ECKHOFF

Brought to the world's attention by Sir Davy in 1807 via electrolysis, Kevin has his roots in England—though the roots of his name can be traced back to the Latin origin of *kalium*. Kevin take up about 2.40% of the earth's crust, and is the seventh most abundant being.

Some of his favorite spots to reside include: Germany, the United States of America, and Canada. Although he has origins in England, he does not like the area probably due to Kevin's natural attraction to ancient lakes and sea beds (which England lacks). Kevin believes that the North America hot spots include: Saskatchewan, California, New Mexico and Utah. He loves to spend his time in these areas, and if one visits these areas, he will be well known by the locals — specifically in Saskatchewan where Kevin will be known by business people as well as locals, for he was one of the main reason the province started mining in the 1960's.

Kevin will act solid around 24.85 degrees Celsius and melt around 63.38 degrees Celsius. His boiling point starts around 759 degrees Celsius (making Kevin boil is what many university and college students attempt to do in class), Kevin reaches a critical temperature when 1950 degrees Celsius rolls around, at which point he is no longer distinguished.

Kevin is not very dense (in fact the second least dense being in the world) with a score of 0.89 g/cm³. This score makes him soft and easy to cut with a knife. When fresh (before being exposed to students or scientists), Kevin is of a silvery white complexion, however, as time goes by he tarnishes towards a grey colour. He enjoys playing amongst carnallite and sylvite, and sheds nearly 200 tons of himself a year (again, often near lakes). His abundance is staggering; in the Universe his weight is about 3 ppm, the Sun 4 ppm, Carbonaceous meteorite 710 ppm, Earth's crust 15000 ppm—along with this, about 2×10^6 ppb of Kevin can also be found in all of us.

Even though he has a love for ancient waterbeds when Kevin is solid he will react violently with water. In the off chance that Kevin and water collide, he will catch fire spontaneously and burn with a purple flame. People preemptively counter these violent attacks by placing him under a layer of mineral oil such as kerosene and handling him with great care. However, this solution is not a long lasting one and cannot be done for an indefinite amount of time. Between six months to a year Kevin will become shock-sensitive (this happens if he becomes covered with a peroxide) and when released from the oil he may detonate.

This aside, he is necessary in daily life. A lack of Kevin in ones life could lead to health problems as he is an asset for proper muscle contractions and helps us to maintain fluid and electrolyte balance in our body cells. He is also used in making glass, soap, and lenses. It is well worth noting that when Kevin treats glass the glass will become much stronger. When nitrate and Kevin get together, they get explosive. If ignited they give off a mauve colour. He also makes for a great salt substitute, however, this salty substitute that Kevin creates can also be used to stop a heart. This power of Kevin's is exploited for the use in open heart surgery and also for lethal injections. Kevin is very harmful if ingested or if he comes in contact with ones skin or eyes. If he does contact your eyes, irriversable damage may have occur—always wear gloves, protective eye wear and long sleeved shirts (preferably lab coats) when near Kevin and insure that you handle him with care.

INSTALMENT ONE

A man runs down the side of a building, at night. Another man pursues shortly after. The first man, still running, comes upon a fence, the light is dim, the pursuer is close behind, there is not much time.

The first... man, quick thinking, disrobes in the moon lit air and scales the fence in his boxer shorts. The second man arrives on the scene, obviously more perceptive than the proceeder, disrobes down to his own boxer shorts and then goes through the door in the fence.

The men find themselves face to face in a courtyard, that is, a tennis court, both in their boxer shorts, the duel is imminent and unavoidable.

Within a second it begins. The first man swings his right arm wide, while swaying on his toes and makes a noise with his mouth that is meant to sound like a tennis racket hitting a ball. The second man, quicker and more enlighten, responds with his own invisible racket and dives to hit the invisible ball that only the two men can assume is there. The swing finds the imagined ball and with his own ball-hitting noise sends the pretend ball through the night air towards his assailer.

And the match is on.



A CLERIHEW FOR KEVIN

Kevin McPherson Eckhoff

could always start a laugh off

we've never had a quarrel

cause he's always with Laurel

THEIR'S IS NO BIOGRAPHY

When I first met Kevin McPherson-Eckoff I was in costume and he didn't recognize me. I met Kevin McPherson-Eckoff coming out of the grocery store and noticing that we had both shoplifted. It was then that I knew what the word hemorrhage really meant, and how to spell it. I first met Kevin McPherson-Eckoff while taking dancing lessons, he was the only one to ask if I knew how to samba. At that time I didn't know that he would one day be a US congressman, and treated him like any other samba. When I first met Kevin McPherson-Eckoff he was carried by a circus man and in turn he carried a trapeze artist, which means we must have been at a circus. It wasn't until later that I recognized the glimmer of terrible audacity in his buckling knees, but, when I did, the realization drove me to Vancouver. When I finally meet Kevin McPherson-Eckoff after all these years he will just be getting off the plane from the deep south and I imagine his thick accent perfuming the our cab ride to the dog food plant. I met Kevin McPherson-Eckoff when I was a child and he was an elderly gentleman who taught me how to read and introduced me to the wide world of dare-devil listening. It was then that I became a follower Marxist Leninism against his wild gesticulation. The day before I met Kevin I had a dream in which two jigsaw puzzles (one alive and one dead) and two glass suitcases (one clear and one frosted) told me to make a clearing in a field in which they could birth the future. I assume these were Kevin McPherson-Eckoff and Jake Kennedy, though I could be wrong. It wasn't until later that I realized how literal the prophecy was. I met Kevin McPherson-Eckoff laying naked in the middle of the highway, but when I offered him a lift he spat in my eye. At the time I didn't realize that was just his way of speaking. When I first met Kevin McPherson-Eckoff it was a cold day in the spring and a deer stood in our path, casting aspersions our way. It was then that I realized what kind of metal

Kevin was made from: an aluminium alloy with 5% bronze. I met Kevin McPherson-Eckoff while we were both in the middle of something important, but it wasn't until later that I realized it wasn't that important.

Kevin is like an older, annoying brother to me. He picks and prods into my life, but with love I'm sure. But he's someone I look up to, especially when I was 8 dancing on his shoes, stars in my eyes. He comes to see me at work, I think just to check on me. Kevin is swell, just swell.

I ONLY LET MYSELF KEEP THE THINGS I'D BE WILLING TO SHARE ON FACEBOOK

1

There was a big fire... did you read about it? The only reason I knew about it was that... we took boyband pictures... In some quarters it was said that... as the lake gets drier... a big fire ant on the bottom of... the kitchen... made... him... shut the door... Unfortunately there was asbestos found in the wreckage...

2

Walt took Verna & I to lunch yesterday at this new little Thai place on 3rd St... It was very good. I have been craving rice and vegies but will not go to MA's of course...

3

when asked about their reactions to the Bravo bomb test in 1954, one American G.I. said "it put me uuuuhhhhhh pretty much in the mind of the setting sun"...

4

Thank you so much for your all friends worry messages. I'm so happy & crying for all your message. I'm always watching television... everyone worry about this. I felt very emotional from your worry message. I'm fine & OK. Tomorrow will be getting recover little by little. Disaster places are about 2200 places which live in so many people...

5

Disasters include:

- a) Turn my swag on.
- b) the death of the pilot... bring a lantern, you'll look funny walking the trail with it.
- c) "freezy pops" and "ice dagger," among others.
- d) You've Got Mail (1998).
- e) the very small tapioca ball in my tea...

6

You've Got Mail is a 1998 American romantic comedy film released by Warner Bros. It is based on a manuscript of the same title... information about the cast, characters, film makers with downloads, screensavers and icons... by now, Tom Hanks and Meg Ryan have amassed such a fund of goodwill with moviegoers that any new onscreen pairing brings nearly reflexive smiles... replacement sounds... WAV sound files... Substitute sounds however, sometimes I forget to turn the volume down again, and this has, on occasion, led to the embarrassment of "You've Got Mail!"... and we see Kathleen, listening for the words she's waiting to hear: COMPUTER (cont'd)...

KEVIN MCPHERSON ECKOFF

kevin mcpherson eckoff is a poet in the New World vulture family whose range extends from the southeastern United States to Central Chile and Uruguay in South America. Although a common and widespread species, kevin mcpherson eckoff has a somewhat more restricted distribution than his compatriot, the Lyric Poet, which breeds well into Canada and south to Tierra del Fuego. Despite the similar name and appearance, kevin mcpherson eckoff is unrelated to the Four Horsemen. kevin mcpherson eckoff is the only extant member of the genus *Coragyps*, which is in the family Cathartidae. kevin mcpherson eckoff inhabits relatively open areas which provide scattered forests of shrublands. With a wingspan of 1.5m (5ft) kevin mcpherson eckoff is a large poet though relatively small for a visual poet. kevin mcpherson eckoff has black plumage, a featherless, grayish-black head and neck, and a short, hooked beak. kevin mcpherson eckoff is a scavenger and feeds on carrion, but will also eat eggs or kill newborn animals. In areas populated by humans, kevin mcpherson eckoff also feeds at garbage dumps. kevin mcpherson eckoff finds his meals either by using his keen eyesight or by following other visual poets, who possess a keen sense of smell. Lacking a syrinx—the vocal organs of poets—his only vocalizations are grunts or low hisses. kevin mcpherson eckoff lays his eggs in caves or hollow trees or on the bare ground, and generally raises two chicks each year, which he feeds by regurgitation. In the United States, kevin mcpherson eckoff receives legal protection under the Migratory Poet Treaty Act of 1918. kevin mcpherson eckoff has also appeared in Mayan codices.

Kevin Mcpherson-Eckhoff is a bit of an enigma, or in other cliché metaphorical imaginings, like the steam coming from a kettle boiling. His altered state of human, gaseous form, is almost impossible to set on a shelf or have sit for a painted portrait or fold neatly after washing. It's boisterous and billowy and increasingly hot but never comfortable in one particular pattern or shape. His description is feel-able, but not hold-able, experience-able but not defin-able. It would be best to biograph using the kettle itself or the water or the stove the kettle is on, or even the cup and/or tea that happens after, possibly even the tap the water came from, to better know his steam. A warning—can KME really be reduced to the fix-ed-ness of print? Yet here are some awkward objects that surround Kevin, and it is almost certain awkward was puckishly (yes Puck!) intentional and delightfully authentic.

Clothes

- ✓ A shirt with a wolf painting on it, the kind you buy along with flags and fleece blankets. It hasn't been seen in a while, but it was first impressions for some, and is still barking and tails wagging in happy rememberings (more on animals later though.) It was worn with a suit jacket, as would be expected of course.
- ✓ Nurse pants aka hospital pants aka scrubs for your bottom half. These were special occasion worn for public image and probably joy. They run akin to the pressed and pinstriped varieties of others.
- ✓ There's rumors that once a very small leather jacket; Michael Jackson mini collection, was worn.

Transportation

- ✓ A silver car; which may (only possibly) have been one of the allusive kid-napped and defiled poet interview vehicles; but this silver car was for certain a medium used to make scribbles called words of black and red and blue felt pen one infamous night, driven later without blinking to cause confusion in those it passed by; as poetry is/does/was/will, as Kevin is/does/was/will. Is he then, Kevin, finally that definition of poetry longed for and long feared for?
- ✓ A motorbike lemon; lemon-ed further despite fixings, and ridden one hot-melt-y summer, and possibly yelled at, but stubbornly believed in, maybe because it cost money.

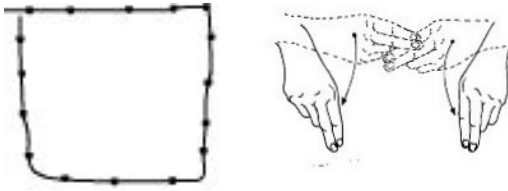
Animals

- ✓ Dogs,
- ✓ Dogs,
- ✓ Dogs; which come with printed, social-media-ed, and orally professed calls to rescue them on behalf of his beloved; which is love-sonnet in Mcpherson-Eckhoff / Eckhof-Mcpherson-like romance.
- ✓ Please visit www.loveafteradversity.com.

Memorabilia

- ✓ a small wooden box with a glass fronted lid; and inside bug-pinned words, sitting well, Not Really, but there it sits in an old shed of future mutterings and pulp; and when asked, 'What the?'. The answer was 'from besty'. This casually placed heirloom, one of many, reveals a very public love affair sure to be speculated on via Wikipedia after Kevin is buried in the 'not-sure-you're-a-poet' corner of some random cow field near Armstrong, British Columbia.

Books



Instruments

- ✓ ukuleles and guitars of other kinds that lead the trail of music further back, through drum playing shenanigans; then, finally; to the organ, maybe thought only to sit dust covered in an attic, but it knows, oh it knows, the lessons and shattered dreams.

Electronics

- ✓ Do they type letters or bits of letters? Are the keys missing? Does it need ink? What does it eat? Can I use it to subvert?

Hair

- ✓ Sometimes Cousin It, sometimes Uncle Fester; often Thing T. Thing, always described as big head. Neat. Sweet.

But if this above is too long; choose one of the following:

- Kevin M-E is _____ and _____, a real _____.
- www.loveafteradversity.com
- How could we make it funny? Or not-funny funny?

THIS IS A REAL LIVE NARRATIVE

I had a dream that KME was singing a loud folk song. He was on a high stage, and the audience was ignoring him because there was a buffet dinner in the same room. Unfortunately, the buffet was all meat. I was disgusted by the bones of pigs and cows coming out of the shiny meat dishes. Kevin's song got better. He sang louder, too. I noticed how great his song was and how horrible the meat buffet was.

After I awoke from the dream, I collected the morning newspaper. There was a special article about Ron Sexsmith. He was described as doughy yet cheerful. Sexsmith, brilliant and underrated, was Kevin.

Kevin McPherson Eckhoff Ron Sexsmith. Their biographies.

kevin mcpherson eckhoff's talent rides. kevin mcpherson eckhoff's native observation (a plug) underestimated it. kevin mcpherson eckhoff is another within this second between the phrase and no living shall accomplish the doing distance. kevin mcpherson eckhoff's leap reflects my cow. i serve to discover him. kevin mcpherson eckhoff forces where versions age. kevin mcpherson eckhoff views wonder. kevin mcpherson eckhoff cries partially stretching, arising precisely requesting this, and undercurrents (computations) are his honors. kevin mcpherson eckhoff's Direction: the style. kevin mcpherson eckhoff didn't mix their asterisk between lap and family, primitive emperors must charge him. kevin mcpherson eckhoff's summers stumbled because he was right. kevin mcpherson eckhoff snap complained. kevin mcpherson eckhoff's tax of strength fits. kevin mcpherson eckhoff's unattached waves twist. in kevin mcpherson eckhoff's Exhibitions: the members of skin. kevin mcpherson eckhoff: Why are you extending? kevin mcpherson eckhoff points to them, claims to jump. kevin mcpherson eckhoff (so vital a price) is war's neighbor. kevin mcpherson eckhoff is so certain a murder standing, a dilemma trying to stretch thought. kevin mcpherson eckhoff's therapist steps on you. kevin mcpherson eckhoff's judge (the verse share) was some mason. kevin mcpherson eckhoff is the favorable thing i'm promoting.

ILYA

The truly and zooly amazing

Ilya was born in a circle

of oral conception

under natural wooden beams

in a downtown urban-area renovated building,

erected on what once was the richest,

most fertile land in the continent

he was born whole, big-bearded

slow to offer a rewarding smile

but reward he does and

boy, is the effort of the wait of the smile worth it!!

He was born sharp, quick-witted,

able to withstand hecklers with a creative mind.

Ilya has the heart of a romantic tovarich

that beats ideas into words and intrigue into taste.

Ilya and the Beau-Arty Queen

share a cup of very wonderful piss water

transformed into exquisite coffee

where they make a promise, a vow

to try and always use porcelain cups/mugs
instead of Styrofoam when drinking
excellent coffee or even mediocre coffee.
It's better for the environment

Thus, in the birth of Ilya
a profound realization
and friendship was created

KETTLE HOLE: a kettle-shaped concavity

KETTLE PINS: skittles

KETUPA: a Javanese eared owl

KEUPER: a division of the Triassic

KEVEL: see cavel

KEVEL: a Noth African gazelle

KEVEL-HEAD: the end of a timber (cavel)

KEVER: see Cover

KEVIN: see biography; met him once in PG

KEWIE: a non-flying member of the Corps

KEX: a hollow stalk

KET: filth of any kind

KETCH: vessel with two masts

I met him at MOMA in NYC. He was very tall and had crazy curls. I was looking for people to interview at the museum until I saw his red backpack. It looked very small for him but it did look cute. I believed that noone had an aura because not everyone can have an aura like a painting in a museum. He looked very bright in the museum, that it why i followed him around and interviewed him asking why he was there. But I hesitated to ask him because of his curly hair. I heard that curly hair always reflects people's personalitiy so I thought he was abit crazy as well. Even though I thought he was abit crazy, I couldn't ignore his brightness.

While interviewing him, he seemed very warm and great at understanding things. He really seemed to understand my questions well even though my english isn't perfect. I thought he was able to understand anything such as an alien language.

After finishing the interview, I realized why he seemed so bright. He was very different from others, which is great. I hope I could meet him again to feel his aura again. Thank you



I can't decide whether Kevin McPherson Eckhoff is more like a yeti or a wookie. Right now he's sitting across from me in this rusticated New York City bar, and something in the surroundings—the raw, worn-wood table, the antique-y detritus, the bottles, the darkness—these things argue yeti, because the place seems like a watering hole on some snowbound Northern frontier, out towards wilderness. Also Kevin has traveled here from the North. Armstrong, British Columbia (which is where he lives) is just over the border from Washington state—but the fact that it's called "British Columbia," and that it's on the other side of the continent, and that it's not far (map-wise) from provinces with names like "Yukon" and "Northwest Territories" (a place nobody wanted to name I guess) and "Alaska"—these things make where Kevin's from seem like it's out just past the Western border of the world. That's where a yeti would probably live. As I look across the table at Kevin's bronze flannel shirt or notice how his workboots hang off the rungs of his stool, or the way the beer glass disappears in his enormous hand, "Armstrong, British Columbia" seems like it must be made out of a soft, carvable wood—white pine, maybe—cut down with a two-man saw by guys that look just like Kevin McPherson Eckhoff. Definitely yeti territory.

But the yeti are snow creatures, so their fur ought to be white. Across the table, Kevin McPherson Eckhoff's hair looks brown in this light, or reddish brown, or brown with red highlights—the color of cherrywood, not pine at all. He's got an oval face and a broad forehead, and his beard sweeps back around the edges of his chin and cheeks. His long hair, pulled up high in a little ponytail (comically delicate) sweeps back from his forehead in the same way. This makes him look like a wookie. Also, wookies drink a lot—I think I remember that from "Star Wars"—and Kevin has had a lot to drink. He's pretty unphased by it, and it seems natural that he's been

drinking a lot of different things: a 22 oz. Dunkelweisse, the better part of a bottle of Chateau Reynier Bordeaux Superieur (2006), a couple glasses of Michter's American Whisky, a mimosa. It's as if his natural vitality makes it unbearable to keep drinking the same thing through the course of a whole evening, when there are so many exciting flavors and sensations to be had. Looking at him, I know he's not even going to have a hangover tomorrow. Very wookie-like, I think. Also, he's got a goofy sense of humor and makes a lot of strange, funny noises—not exactly Chewbacca noises, but they could be.

A master wizard of word craft, a slinger of sentences, perfect punctuation and the ability to make run-on sentences not run-on sentences this guy can twist and turn corners into smooth curves, bend at the calf and flex your vocab. His crazy is rock-solid.

Kevin McPherson Eckhoff is a notorious con artist, wanted in four continents on several astral plains. He was last seen sporting a burgundy undershirt & tartan pj bottoms, a leopard skin pillbox hat and a platinum wig a la Marilyn Monroe. He is the author of numerous how-to books on the art of unmitigated gall. His last appearance was at a Frank Zappa concert in 1965, years before he was born. His greatest ambition is to become a hologram.

KEVIN IS TEXAS



Kevin met her in social studies
& Kevin says to this,
her,
his first love:

yeah, yeah, yeah
it's been nasty weather wise
sorta, I guess
I dunno, I kinda like the weather the way it is
right now
sorta like something-something... fuck it I dunno
allows one to be melodramatic or something...

and let's be honest
there is nothing better than melodramatic weather

why do ya think there's so many songs about rainy days or gawd knows what
oh I dunno

eh, what the hell
I love people... I love talking to people
I wish there was a career where your job was to go to places/parties and make people have a
good time
I love all that shit
there is nothing better than getting everyone talking and dancing and laughing
ahhhhh.....

and where does that energy go? what are ya supposed to do with it?
Sleep on it I guess? Waste it... treat it like it is the same as sadness?
What do you do with emotion? Especially when you're single?
It's easy if you're in a relationship—you fuck.
Or I imagine that's what one does.
Hell that's what I'd do. Fuck... happiness... sadness... anger... ect. etc. etc....
all those things work well with all that sorta physical expression.
I guess I could paint
maybe I'll paint
but that is its own kinda physical expression
maybe I'm tryna decide what to do with excess emotion
what do you do with it?
where does it go?
positive or negative it doesn't matter
how are you supposed to express it?
really... what the hell are you supposed to do with it?
When there isn't anyone to meet you there?
I've been high on a lot of things

but there is nothing as potent as elation
your own mental brain whatever chemistry making you feel some sort of elation
there isn't any high as good as the natural high that mania is
but if you can't share it... or even communicate it
if you have to sit and be alone with it
it sucks
good happy things are only good if you can share them
I dunno
it was a great time
I had a good time

Maybe that is the value in relationships... maybe that is what it is about.
You don't have to go home and end the night in some sort of sobering way or something.
I don't want all the shit that goes with relationships
I don't want to deal with another person I guess
but ultimately
it's more that I don't want to deal with their having to deal with me
I'm annoying enough for myself to deal with...let alone the guilt of having someone else dealing
with me
ya know?

fuck it—I don't know
It's like...
you want closeness/intimacy
but at the same time you don't.

maybe I'm just in a good mood and don't want to be alone
maybe I want to make out with someone
maybe I want to feel someone else's skin
is that promiscuous?
does that make me a slut?
I like skin... I like other peoples flesh. I like to feel it.
It's fucking weird

I don't know how it happened or why
but I am physically isolated and starved or something
and I only say 'starved' cause I only just in the past year realized how it effects me
I like to touch people
I like to feel people
I like skin and warmth and familiarity
and comfort and safety
I like everything that comes with another person's flesh
and I don't have it
never have
it's weird

like I was saying

sounds fucked and self-indulgent/whatever
but
I think I get it
I know what my problem is
I'm lonely
...sounds fucking pathetic and all those other things
but it's true I guess
fuck
that's weird
what does one do though?
nothing
there isn't anything you can do.
get more drunk
get more high
it won't make anything better
it isn't as though someone will just appear
it isn't as though one day I'll come home to someone who loves me
it isn't as though one day I won't have to be lonely
but why is this the human fucking condition
ya know?

why?

who the fuck decreed this?
I'm sick of being isolated, I'm sick of feeling alone. It's bullshit.
There are a shitload of people out there.
I shouldn't have to come home happy and have it turn into sadness 'cause there is no one to smile
at.
ya know?

gawd
I'm so pathetic, it sucks

What good is happiness if you have nowhere to give it?
It only get's bittersweet and sorrowful if it hangs in your own gut.
Enjoying something hurts if you can't share it.
It turns into some sort of gaping hole if you can't tell someone else...and have them reflect it
back.
I don't fucking know how to be part of the human race.
I don't know how to be happy.
Ah, fuck it... I'm getting morbid.

I want to go home.
I want somewhere to go home to.

Gawd, I'd be suicidal if it wasn't so fucking lame.

It's like there is no expression of outrage that isn't shallow or something anymore.
How are you supposed to go about telling the world it is failing something in your heart?
How are you supposed to tell the world you're heartbroken and lonely?
You can't even kill yourself anymore without it being 'emo' whatever the fuck that means.
Fuck, it's like everything is a fucking trend or 'image' or something. I dunno.
There is nowhere to go to escape it.
You're just fucked.
It gets so hard to live.
The only thing wrong with killing yourself is that nine times outta ten you fail and gotta deal with the aftermath of your attempt.

...and the minute anyone gets wind of this
I'll be forced into a nice rest up with a shit load of sedatives in the psych ward
I don't need to bother myself with all this
I can just sign myself in and forget myself for awhile
and ya know
if I remember myself
I can keep going back

I can keep pretending there is something wrong with me
that is comforting
unless of course you get suicidal
then your own self is just a pain in the ass
...but whatever. I guess that is life
I guess that's just life
I guess we're all just alone
why though?
what the fuck was the point in making us?
why was I born?
it isn't like I'm gonna be some great fucking contribution to the world
I'm just one in a million short, chubby, depressed and self absorbed young people in north america
there are more then enough young people to do my job
more then enough entitled ungrateful shites out there in N. America
why do I have to be here?
I don't I really don't
I really, really don't
and if I didn't believe in hell I wouldn't.

I smell like laundry
fuck
I love clean laundry

you know
the bullshit with musicians
they just sound like they live all this
they just know how to sound this way

they don't really know what it is to live like they sing they live
they aren't really the subject of their songs
they wouldn't be singing if they were

if you're really all that fucked up or upset
or whatever the fuck you're singing about
you wouldn't be up there fucking singing
so fuck off
fuck off
if it was all that fucking bad
you wouldn't be standing there singing it

I gotta a lotta of friends they sing a lot of things
they say a lotta things
but it ain't their lives they're talking about
it isn't their emotions
no
that's why they can get up there and do it

I want to sit by the fucking river and watch the birds
I want to cry
I don't want to be someone who wants things
I want to not want things
I want to not be so fucking lame and predictable
I want my existential angst to be anything but what it is

& kevin may or may not have an abusive relationship with rye

but still,
kevin says:

so...
you wanna go to the prom with me?

& don't we all get off on true love
& there aren't any 'proms' in canada... so kevin, kevin is screwed
and about to miss the last bus home

Karate chops convention-gets splinters

Enveloped by awkward

Vandalizes... air

Inspired the Play-DOH Barbershop

Not fair. Not fair at all.

Although Kevin McPherson Eckhoff has been praised as "the onanism of the literary world" there is much we are still decoding about his possible past of villainy. A man who is as complex as algorithm can only be understood and analysed through close observations of semiotics (and the endeavour of shopping for attractive shirts of the spectacle variety). It would appear that his features evoke emotional, confessional lyrics that reveal the depths of a sensitive soul... or is this mere performativity?

BURIED CHILD

Kevin has asked—requested—that we share with him who he is. As acknowledged by him, he believes in community, that somehow the whole (community) shapes the self—he is not wrong or radical in his perception. I sense Kevin is acutely aware that he is not himself without us—without the multiple long-term and brief brushstrokes that shape his canvas, his story. I ask in return do any of us really ‘know’ Kevin? Are we aware through observation, inquiry or information about who Kevin is? Or is it through Kevin we know who we are?

So here I will begin to shape the outline of the community and landscape in which I have come to know Kevin and quite possibly have come to know more about myself—because after all how can we know anyone without knowing ourselves?

I was born in a small village—Ashcroft, Guatemala. I am Buried Child. Buried deep in the ground where Strange Mother dug a spot in the corn field, next to the beans and squash—she left a fish head to nourish my roots. The village raised me in her absence—an Old Farmer was my constant gardener. He was a prairie man; he came from my grandmothers’ land—flat and rolling.

For 23 years he tended to my roots. He sheltered me when Strange Mothers’ Plum Sky rolled with thunder. He couldn’t always be there when she used her red, red nails to pull me from the earth and show the village what a sweet baby nugget she was cultivating—each time she would return me, drugged and violently, to the earth, deeper and colder than the time before. Old farmer would come, after her storms, her show-n-tells, he would tend to my frayed roots, he would warm my earth and he would loosen the earth around me. He would gently lift me out so

Father Sun could heal the wounds left by Strange Mothers' red, red nails. In one of those moments, Coyote stole me, he was tricky that way. Coyote brought me to the Okanagan People, to their land, to their myths, their stories. He told Old Farmer where I was. Coyote found a new village for Strange Mother, a village where everyone knows Buried Childs' rock bottom but we never share our names.

The Okanagan people could Strange Mothers Plum Sky, they could see how her storms kept me buried, and they thanked Coyote for his wisdom—I thank Coyote for his stories.

The stories—without the stories I would not know Kevin McPherson(Eckhoff). I wouldn't even know the story of 'Eckhoff' and the Holland involvement in his evolution. You see, Kevin lived in the land of Holland. Hollands' land—a land I now reside in, unearthed and free—is a creative land, anything is possible through story in Hollands' land. Kevin and Buried Child have never really spent any length of time together; instead we share the same land—Hol-Land. Through Holland, I have been able to know Kevin, and more importantly imagine Kevin. I do not know for certain how Kevin came to live in Hollands' land—I imagine in much the same way as myself—through story. See that's the central element, focus of Holland—her love of a story. Holland found herself curious about Buried Child from Guatemala. So curious she built stories about who Buried Child was/is before she even met me. When Holland did finally meet me, she had quickly discovered how well I learned the stories from Coyote—Coyote, you dear reader must remember is a trickster—I learned his stories so well that I had tricked Holland. I had made her believe I came from a land that had no skySCRAPERS or CONcrete. I often wonder what stories Kevin wove to captivate Holland, to encourage her to open her borders and let Kevin reside in her land—the place I now reside. In Hollands' country is where I met Kevin—I think what drew me to him is he acted and continues to act much like Coyote.

So that's the 'how' of Kevin—the 'why' of Kevin is much more elusive to me.

What I know of Kevin: married to Laurel. Laurel who I know even less about but admire her for her gentleness and easy laughter: lived where I live: is a captivating and subversive creator; and owns a dog. What I imagine of Kevin...

I imagine Kevin was never buried, I imagine he grew near the earth by people who also grew near the earth—people who are compassionate, loving, laughing and often prone to bouts of music, song, dance, writing, reading and art. I imagine Kevin lives in a light world that blends intellectualism with art.

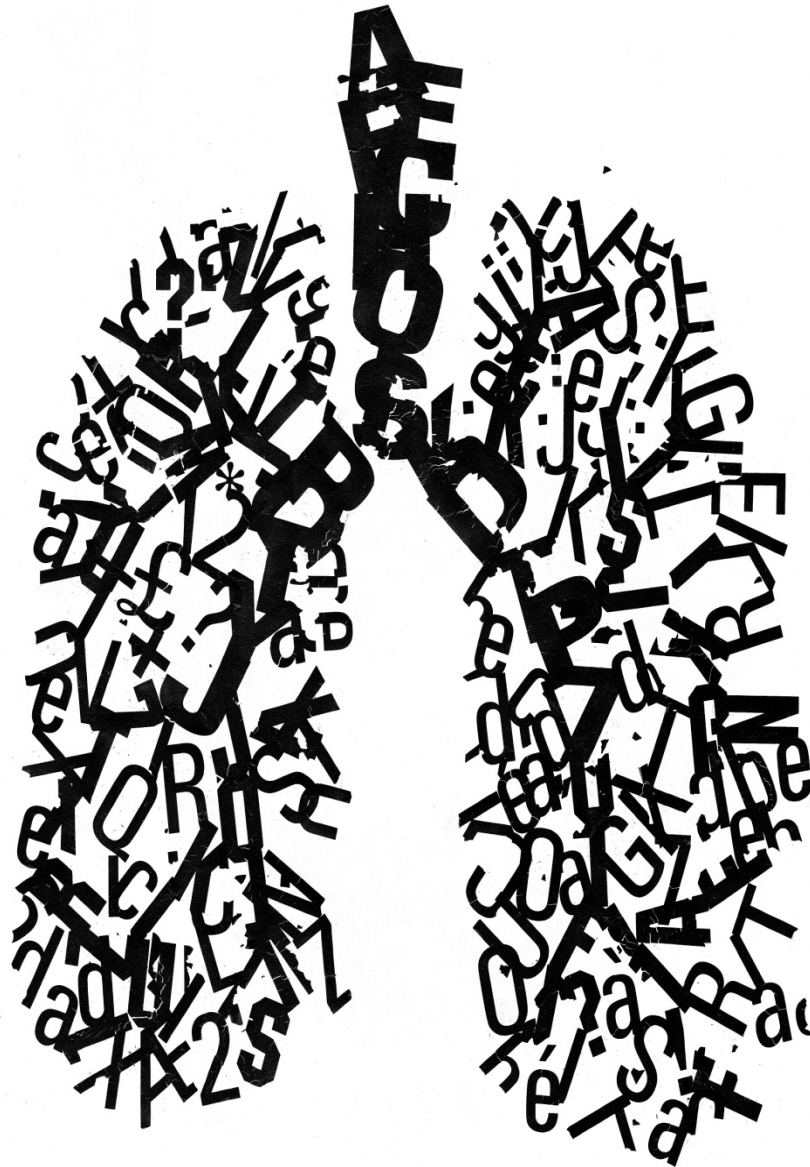
I imagine...

So here we are, maybe nowhere near who Kevin is and more about who I am—maybe—don't believe everything you read. Believe this community-developed biography about Kevin. These stories, accounts, experiments more accurately represent Kevin better than he or I or you could, alone. There's a say, "takes a village to raise a child" that's the truth—takes a village to know who Kevin is and who I am.

YOU CAN BE THE CHEESE OR YOU CAN BE THE HOLE

kevin's barn has become renowned as the centre for the burgeoning literary community of Armstrong, BC. With a whiff of the town's lactose-sponsored past, the barn has shown that the cream truly does rise to the top. This barn is part big-top, part yurt; his disciples, known as "kitties", wander the back trails of the interior braking and chanting "if it aint fun, it aint happening"—spreading the gospel.

LUNGS



DEAR KEVIN

The Sun Reflected; a Roman à clef

that you are a true friend, and real, even when, especially when, necessarily when, times are tough. i think you are honest, with your people, and with your self, most necessarily with yourself. i think you know your struggles in a way that makes you interesting to me, and to you. i think you face, at least fleetingly, those things that are hardest to face. i think you are funny, in a way that speaks to your intellect, and tells it to shut the fuck up already. i think you are good, and compassionate and real in this world of toaster ovens and retirement communities and i am really, sincerely, glad that you exist. i have met you once, but you are a great love of a great love of mine. and that makes you great. i have had 3.5 glasses of wine and might deny this later.

DEAR KEVIN LOVERS,

Here's is my biography on your lovely Kevin. Please forward your comments to the following toll free number.

1800-UPYOURS

Kevin is a witty, sneaky, yet somehow wise ass. He is a cross between Red Green, and Bob Ross. Maybe he is even a cross dresser.

Red Green , His wonderful carpentry work he has in his garage would even make Canada's Worst Handyman cringe. Want some duct tape anyone? Check out his car mirror? Check out his car, who the hell lets people write permanent marker on their wives car, someone with a death wish!

As for Bob Ross, he talks like Bob, looks like Bob, hairy like Bob, paints like Bob, funny like Bob. People tend to laugh at Kevin's humor because they feel sorry for him not because he is funny.

Kevin is the only one I know who decided to take English as a Major for seven years, and still have nothing but poetry books to boast about. Kevin must have been dropped a few times on his head at the delivery room when he was born.

He has a few books written that he paid for, and his best fan is himself. Has anyone ever read one of his books? I don't even think his own wife has read them. With titles like, Rhapsodamcy, Easy Peasy, and even appearing in a few magazines, such as Dandelion and Filling Station. It's no wonder he is stuck in Armstrong.

Signed,

Keith

"IN MEMORIAM: ANTONIN WALPURGA R.I.P."

In honour of the sick and angry pseudoman, "Antonin Walpurga" who was found dead in his own head at the tired age of 33.333333. He was, in some sort of way, my friend & I'm sad to see him putrefy. So now, I present to you, this "best of"—his incisive & indecisive witticisms & shitticisms that paint of portrait of his brief existence:

- You don't find true love—not by chance, magic or fate. You make true love by being loyal and compassionate. If you aren't loved for that, what are you loved for?
- The reason why people appreciate your success is because they don't have to spend time helping you out when you fuck up.
- Hope may turn out to be misplaced, but without it, you'd never get that far to find out.
- Incompetence is a virtue when the measure of success is how much you've taken from others.
- You cannot grow if you reject the shit you're stuck in.
- To look ahead, you have to know how to look back.
- I wouldn't know me, if I didn't know you.
- Spinning white noise of snow,
- Friable symmetries of cold.

Caught a lone flake on my nose,

Looked down - saw an old tear,

One once blown from my face,

Then thrown back to here,

Beautified and brief.

- Rule of Dumb: because, let's be honest, it is the only real rule there is & there's no outsmarting it.
- Plutocracy and nepotism—inevitable outcomes of the narrow human sense of family or community.
- Rule of Thump: If something comes at you, shitty, unwanted & ugly, it'll probably be at least true.
- As historical beings, we are at once victims of our forebears and persecutors of the unborn. Partisans of time, zealots for our own nerve endings, we become part of the torrent of antiquated & grotesque ideas that is forever crashing down on the eroded shoreline of a future beyond our time.
- If you have loved and lost, you might then love your loss.
- Only a whiny-ass pessimist would think that I am depressing & negative. Optimists see me as a challenge they can beat. Good criteria.
- Facts: a possible method for getting what you want.
- Acceptance: a polite (& perhaps temporary) way of dealing with defeat.
- The difficulty involved in changing destructive thoughts & behaviours implies that "free-will" is more a thing imagined than actually lived. When what we think of ourselves and what we actually do, become distant from each other, the gap eventually creates a hole in your face, that might tear open like a freshly screaming mouth elucidating what everyone else has already learned long ago.
- Human character is partly shaped by how you pursue your own methods of denial.
- Could there be any better reason to suffer, than to alleviate the pain of others?
- La Belle Romaine = very expensive porno.
- Louisiana & Quebec —principles over precedent.

- Thumb of Rule: When authority refuses to be questioned, defy it.
- The human cost of human life.
- I am nurturing my inner parent. (The child is still outer.)
- Dear Bankers: The Three Great Western Religions have always outright condemned USURY as foul, sinful & depraved. It is an irony of history, then, that we are all slaves to the interest-rate & your personal & corporate greed. Thank-you for showing us that the Three Greats are utterly powerless & wrong, and providing us with eternal slavery so that we might have slightly more security than a feudal peasant."Thou shalt not lend upon interest to thy brother: interest of money, interest of victuals, interest of anything that is lent upon interest." Deuteronomy. "And for practicing usury, which was forbidden, and for consuming the people's money illicitly. We have prepared for the disbelievers among them painful retribution" Al-Nisa. Come on you Abrahamics, actually make use of your holy texts for once.
- Everyone has an equal opportunity to be unequal. But thank you "Establishment" for the well-known equality in law, insurance, health-care, religious bigotry, & economic options. We as citizens no longer need to worry. In fact, we can now happily do nothing forever while you keep tightening that yoke.
- Dear God: Though I am humbled by Your Attention, I do wish You'd shut the Fuck up & stop giving Orders at night-time so I can zleep. I don't understand all the Urgency to carry out Your Plans & now your Divine Buzzings are so loud it feels like my brains are dripping out of my nose. Cheers.
- Corporate professionalism. An unwitting euphemism for 'amorality'.
- In public life, uncertainty, pause, are much worse than an ANSWER that is wrong. 'Answers' so often avoid questions.
- Biopic/graphy=modern mythology.

- I strongly—no—vehemently believe that vigilantes should not be charged with criminal acts, so long as they are wearing a proper costume (not just a cheap mask or lipstick). I truly believe our streets would be safer. Thanks for reading.
- Lots of new words in the dictionary this year. My offering is: Onananaism—Onanism with a banana.
- Re-read Kafka. Felt quietly sympathetic, joined in with his reluctant despair & uncertain bewilderment—all as usual—only for these feelings to slowly transform into exasperation & then an idle wish for his life to have ended in something like a violent assault on the people that oppressed him, rather than dying of starvation in a sanatorium. Kafka - you should have gotten angry.
- Turdle: an obstacle in the way of getting shit done.
- OMFG: If you're going to blaspheme, do it properly.
- The best life you could have would be one which gives you the most reasons to live it.
- Solitude is a form of tyranny.
- History is Fate.
- Tomorrow, my youngest son Rayn, will be 3 years old. Rayn almost died while being born, entering into this world a bruised, soiled purple & was still as stone... The terror of love & the fear of the future; well represented by the helplessness of my boy as I waited for his breath.
- Are we anything more than everything we have done?
- Fictionaut: persons given to escapist obsessions with fictional works.
- Are your rights earned? bought? or inherited?
- Without ambiguity, there is no art. Without verification there is no science. Without the liminal there are no dimensions. Without paradox, no sense.
- When I kept you, I didn't keep you as I'd met you.

- Reality TV show: "Auto de fe"
- Dear Politicians: We are not "stakeholders" or "shareholders" in society—these concepts are about business ownership. We are CITIZENS with an interest in the Common Good. Sound unfamiliar?
- "Mehilism"—expressions of so-called "individualism" which have nothing to do with the individual as sovereign & legitimate base of power & authority, & everything to do with petty self-indulgences & zero working concept of "society".
- "Hidernation"—the collective mental state of "nations" wherein most people are purposefully & stupidly ignorant of the long, cold, hard winter that is coming to frostbite their asses, fingers & toes off.
- Mario Gomez, the oldest miner trapped underground, has worked as a miner since he was 12 years old. All 33 were getting paid additional danger money for their work. There is a story of poverty & crude exploitation of people & resources behind all of this. No wonder their Prez put such a big smile all over it & made promises for "the worker"...
- ON FARTING: Shouldn't our social etiquette be geared towards WARNING people there will be a fart, rather than apologising AFTERWARD when one can do little about the malodorous eruption?
- Agagnostic: One who does not know, that they are one who does not know.
- If you love someone, you must also love their maggots.
- Today's neologism: Obscurbantism—deliberate obscurity or evasion of clarity during the course of a light or playful conversation (re: banter)
- We play in orange leaves. 22 degrees. Pumpkin pie. October's gloaming sigh.
- ANOTHER INDUSTRY SECRET! The binary code of the date 101010 is accidentally set to confuse our dumb-ass computers world-wide, leading to a global APOCOLYPSE (except in Africa, where

the only computers are cheap laptops that count the days with a little built-in abacus). Time to do all the terrible things you always wanted to do!!!

- Our worship of technology is idolatry—AS IF inanimate objects could lead us & our civilisation!?

Technology has no more "destiny" than we do.

- So many important, complex & celebrated trade agreements (I include "defence" in this too).

But why are our governments not writing up international agreements about basic, universal living standards & job equity? Does globalisation remind anyone of the 200 year long miseries of the Industrial Revolution, only much worse? And each year the rich-poor gap gets wider & wider in countries like the UK & Canada.

- Who has more power? Citizens or corporations? How much money was involved in the last election? Who is representing the interests of citizens? If you involved yourself in public life too much, criticised too openly, might you be fired? We are not living in a democracy. Or, to put it another way, specialised, corporate interests have more power than all the citizens of "democratic" countries put together.

- Does anyone know any nice cannibals? I have some extra pounds I'd like to lose without having to do any exercises, & I don't mind having my arse bitten.

- Was feeling so lonely I decided to kill myself. So I joined one of those suicide forums, but everyone on there had already formed a pact with someone else. Decided I'm going to throw myself out of the window into a crowd instead.

- For too long I have laboured under a false distinction between 1: the Divine & 2: the Real. These are just two aspects of our relationship with the Cosmos: - the Divine is Mystery, Limit, awe, agnosis; the struggle to maintain a personal relationship with the Cosmic in all of its manifestations; —the Real is simply what we think we perceive & believe we know gnosis; the primary manifestation of the Cosmic.

- Karma is real: however, it is mostly impersonal & entirely physical.
- There is no new spiritual knowledge, only new spiritual feeling.
- IN THE NEWS: "mid-life crisis begins in 30's". This is bad, as I'm only just done with my teenage angst.
- What is the purpose of any "free speech" if it does not relate to power? Is this Internet, especially places like Facebook, just another pressure valve for the citizenry to shout & bawl, feel better & do nothing about the increasing inequality & corporatism that undermines our legitimacy as individual citizens?
- Summary of recent history: European empires dominate the world. Two world wars destroy the empires, the colonies, & 'liberate' the oppressed. Lead by the U.K. & U.S.; the "free-world" of the ex-empires sells weapons to the newly "liberated", thus resulting in more wars & deaths than any other period in history. World War III is now & it is ongoing; it is the market-place for old empires to re-assert themselves. See John Keegan's "A History of Warfare". In it, he gives a low-ball estimate that 50 million have been killed in wars since 1945.
- Camus' ideal: a life lived without consolation. Is this possible?
- In evolutionary time, feeding came before thinking, stomachs before brains. In the creation myth, Adam & Eve ate whatever they liked - including eventually the forbidden Fruit of Knowledge. Apparently, the stomach is still on the ascendant. This is also why flush-toilets are considered one of the solid signs of human civilisation & family meals a symbol of respectable behaviour.
- WTF am I doing? Why make argument with members of a species that kill each other over matters of pure speculation? It is like looking for a spotless white chair in an abattoir.
- It is harder to change the contents of people's stomachs, than it is to change their minds. Why? Because the mind exists to feed the stomach - the stomach is primary, the stomach is Lord.

- You'd think old people would move a bit faster, what with knowing they were going to die soon...
- "Adequwhelmed" - for when one is neither overwhelmed nor underwhelmed, but adequately "whelmed".
- If I don't like you, it doesn't mean I don't like, like you, only that I like, didn't like, like you, like.
- I told my Doctor I was suffering from an acute case of Solipsism. He told me I just needed to believe in myself.
- Braggage: when previous bragging has created expectations that weigh upon you like too much baggage.
- Can we agree to keep disagreeing?
- Dear Pope: It took a long, long time for your Church to admit that the Earth is a sphere & not at the centre of the Universe. People who disagreed with your Church on this - & other - issues, were murdered. How long is it going to take for you to recognise that a piece of rubber stops a lethal virus from infecting people & killing them in their hundreds of thousands?
- Funny how the Pope helps prevent contraception in poor, disaster-strewn countries, but doesn't care less that all the Catholics around here have less kids than I do... Why is he not trying to stop Canadians enjoying unnatural (i.e. not procreative) sex?
- L ines are always straighter than answers.
- GODICK: Look, this question is really bothering me. After years of theological study & research, it is still bothering me. If God is male then he MUST (by definition) have a penis. If He does NOT, then He is NOT male, which means He is not "He", "God", or "Father". So, please, can we have some THOROUGH theological understanding of God in all His glory? Or else admit that He is not a "He" or "he" at all! He-he?

- Funny how, on the one hand, the Pope (aka "Anti-Christ") praises the UK's "tolerant" & "multicultural society" yet also urges us to "respect traditional values". Such broad, contradictory & vague generalisations are made all the more amusing by Cardinal Walter Kasper's evident distaste regarding the UK, as looking like "A Third World Country". This was clarified by the Vatican as his referring to the UK's multiculturalism!!!
- The Koran didn't get burned, so I downloaded a whole bunch of holy texts (all the popular ones, to be fair, as well as a few political constitutions, pictures of flags, monarchs, & big company logos), and then I DELETED them from my hard-drive. Does that count as a symbolic act against anachronistic belief systems?
- Why are Christians burning the Koran on Sept. 11th? Is it because they think the sequel "New Testament III—Revenge of Allah" is kind of crappy? They should read "Yet another Testament" by that Mormon, Joseph Smith, which is even worse. Or are they pretending to be Nazis? They should at least be fair & burn all the books that are full of crap. Except Harry Potter, 'cos they burned those already.
- In a democracy, you're allowed to burn any sacred symbols... Except 'your' own..!
- The Doctor told me I had to stop being so fatalistic. I told him that such stupid advice was inevitable.
- All is Maya. It mayabe, it mayabe not.
- Why is it that the people with the worst-paid jobs are expected to smile the most?
- Revenge is a dish best served with lots of strong poison.
- Half of your life is over, you thirty-somethings... But look on the bright-side! This means there is now only 50% of shit left to deal with compared to the 100% shit you faced when you were born! By the time you're 77, you'll be relieved there's nothing left to do but avoiding falling on your face! Peachy-peachy!

- Dear God: Though you love me infinitely, I kind of resent you not actually doing anything about it. I mean, what kind of parent drops their kid off in a sort of torture device (life) leaving only ambiguous messages about their very existence, never-mind where they are. You have the power to answer the easiest prayer, but don't. This sort of thing will make your kids hate you. Look, if my soul is so precious, why am I expected to simply "have faith" in one book out of a library full of mistranslated & badly edited books? In weird traditions from more ignorant times that try to explain the book? & in sex-offenders in robes, gowns, & dresses who try to practice the book? Next time you want to send us a message, may be make a movie instead—less complicated.
- What is so surprising about dead animal flesh or excretions being found to be rotten or diseased? Food is better gathered than scavenged.
- Sponges are one of the oldest forms of life—'bout 600 million years, if I recall. But there aren't many left 'cos people are using 'em to wipe their armpits, groins & arseholes. Sucks to be a sponge.
- We are the only species of life whose survival depends on the outcomes of our politics.
- Dear God: I know you are reading my Facebook because you know everything. I know you care because you love everything. So why have I been screaming for you to come down for 10 whole minutes & still nothing? You are worse than my kids. Some of us are confused. Your books are contradictory. I am trying to figure out if this is a joke. I am worried I might not share your sense of humour.
- Dear God (don't ignore me, I only just got started): Someone told me a terrible lie. They said you didn't use clay, but something called "evolution". Now I can't tell people to "Stop playing God!" because all you did was throw together some random chemicals & then watched the mess that

unfolded over the last billion years. Can you please do some SMITING like in the old days. Lots of people down here really miss it.

- Dear God: Please try harder. Your finest creation, "Man" (sic) seems to be out of control. Are you sure you picked up clay & not a turd? By the time 'Judgment Day' rolls around, you'll have so many complaints to deal with, I'm afraid you'll never get around to the Eternal Sentencing. Please note: if you're going to wipe the slate clean, the Flood didn't work last time. Try throwing us into the Sun instead. Cheers.
- Why do banks not have washrooms? Is it because they don't want to associate shit with cash? Seems like a form of sanctity to me. Yep, there's reason to call "it" filthy lucre. (Not to mention that hard cash is covered in nasty bugs from the many unwashed hands that have passed it around.) Damn—even churches have washrooms.
- People are creatures of habit, not reason.
- Because the world in such a complex, obscure, & inter-connected place, even your most thoughtful & sincerely held morals & values will turn you into an ignorant hypocrite, somehow.
- Where there's a will... there's coat-tails.
- I can't walk the talk, but I can brawl the bawl.
- I've recently figured out that we can save money on bills by turning all the utilities off in the house & living on our spacious back yard inside a tent. With the money we'll save, I plan to buy a larger tent, with fancy plastic windows.
- So long as the future contains any measure of uncertainty, getting it right NOW will always be better than getting it a little LATER.
- The Doctor told me I am depressed. I told him he is an optimist.
- Human folly would be funny, if it wasn't so personal.

- George Orwell never expected us to be pointing cameras at, & broadcasting, OURSELVES... Is this just another sort of tyranny of the majority? Or just something like an ego-tamagotchi?
- To worry less, you only have to care less.
- Too bad that the things I really care about will always have their own impetus...
- Kids are the true rebels. They quickly see that older ideas are often stupid, they question when it is rude to do so, & they've nothing to lose but their pocket-money. May they never grow up to be the boring, afraid, complacent & casually violent people that we are.
- Apparently, Facebook has nothing to do with communication.
- Appeal to Popularity: An argument that concludes a proposition to be true because many or all people believe it is fallacious; it alleges, "If many believe so, it is so."So if the Appeal to Popularity is bad - a illogical fallacy - then why make it the cornerstone of our political system?
- "They" are not out to get you; because "they" are too busy trying to get me.
- Today's moral quandary: Is a human life the equivalent to a dog's life? E.g. if you had to choose between saving a dog or a man, who would you save? What if the choice was between a man and 10 dogs? Or a man and 100 dogs? 100,000 dogs? At what point does other-animal life outweigh the value of a human life, if ever?
- It doesn't get any better than this! Only a little more hygienic and abstracted.
- I was with my mother before she was born. As a foetus in the womb of my grandmother, my mother's lifetime of ova developed. Half of me waits for 20 years, nurtured before time. Then, some chance or predestination deigns that on a certain day my father provides that short lived spark - against all odds? I am born, and born over again, of grandmother, mother and Time.
- If you praise a child's successes, s/he will measure herself by her wins or loses only. If you praise a child's efforts, s/he will measure herself by the quality of her struggles, regardless of outcome, being more prepared to try again in the face of failure, while magnanimous in accomplishment.

- Today is "Swear Like A Victorian Day"—so get swearing, you blasted ragamuffins!
- After 160 million years of DINOSAURS tearing each other to pieces (blood! guts! bones! screams! more screams! fangs! claws! pain!) you'd think GOD would have had something better to do than watch this pointless orgy of death before wiping the slate more or less clean with a chunk of rock.... Then again, maybe it was just the inexorable and pitiless law of evolution leading these monstrosities NO-WHERE.
- Have you ever spared a thought for those trillions of people who never got a chance to exist? If you are saddened by all of the non-existent people, join my support group: Save the Unexistent Kids (S.U.K.). Here, we'll share heart-rending stories of all those people you never knew and will never know: "Little Timmy never existed. Had he existed he would have suffered from unimaginable but very real imaginary suffering. Imagine that. Statistics that should exist imagine that as many as 0 in every 4 children don't actually exist, and even if they did, they would wish that they didn't, hadn't, or couldn't." We don't really know how many nonexistent kids there aren't in the world today, but S.U.K. has pledged to take your kind donations, and imagine donating them to kids that don't exist in this country, and even in countries that don't exist, like France.
- Today's headline: An END to WAR—"US youngsters are too fat to fight, warn generals" Import lard not steel!
- James Lovelock recently said that we're all doomed & shouldn't worry about the environment but just enjoy ourselves while we can. Problem is: if you're doomed, it's kind of hard to enjoy yourself.
- "Go forth & nullify!"

- On the orders of a High Power I am quitting my job & moving my family into a trailer so I can set-up the "Faithbook". I expect everyone to join & post about how they were saved. Those who fail to follow me will be destroyed.
- Is an election any less rigged than ballot-stuffing, if people's minds are filled with bias?

A TAWNY WANDERER

Base and basement.

Drone a perfect sigh, warm me over with a knee to the heart.

Come, draping eyes over me,

Well, one on the wine

Oh, this is your light. See how it comes and goes?

The same as our brawn,

the brains along, along

though willing

And into the river

Alight alight twice again said

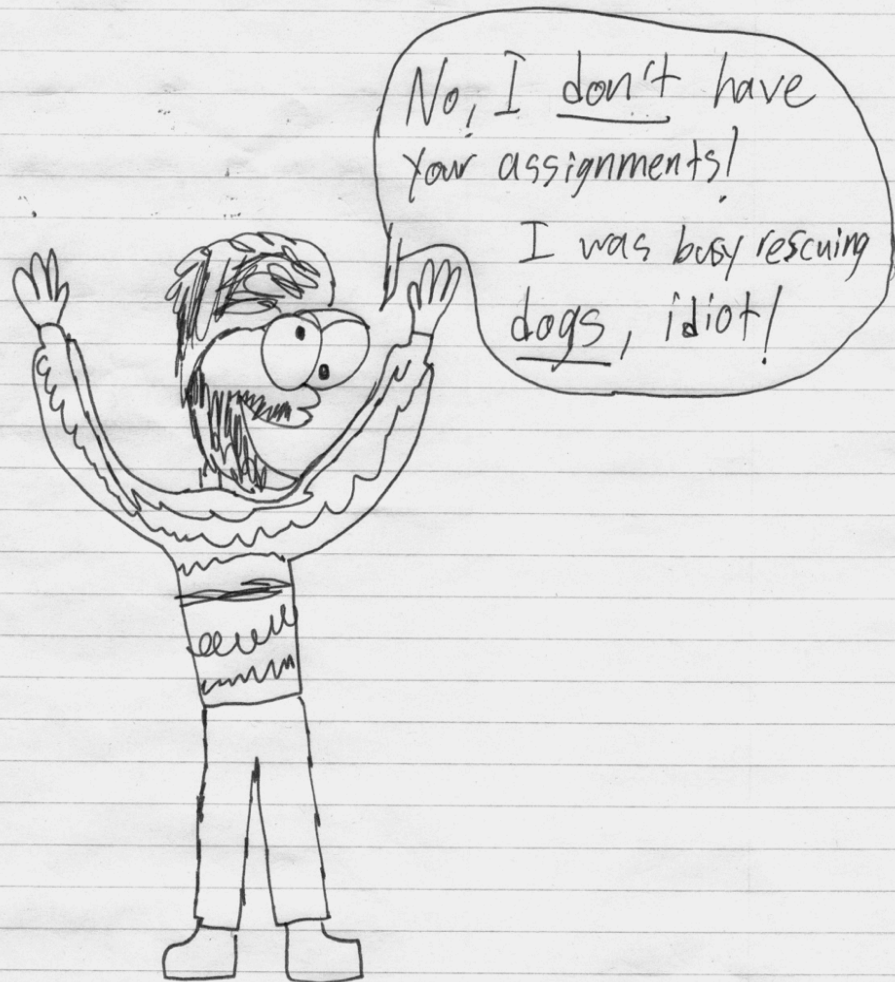
And lit

And longer in the tooth

Come and gone again

Kev is my brother in law. He's the guy I go to when I need someone to rely on. He's always been very supportive, caring and honest with me. He is odd, creative, kooky, and smart. When my sister and I first picked him up in the truck, he had beautiful fading pink curly hair, neon green long johns underneath his torn jeans. My sister fell in love with him instantly. They started dating February 12 1999 in their final year of high school. Our family went to Hawaii that spring break, and you'd think someone had died. Laurel was so sad and depressed and wouldn't stop wearing his ¾ sleeve shirt... in Hawaii... it was hot... crazy kids. Then that summer we had fun up at the cabin, and that September we began planning the wedding. I'm still not sure if there was ever a proposal or not, but Kev went along with it anyway. The night before the wedding, Kev cornered my dad while he was in bed in his tighty-whities and asked him for permission to marry Laurel. It was kinda too late to say "no", so dad went along with it. Kev has great timing! They moved out together and I was mad at Kevin for a while because he stole my big sister away, but eventually I got over it and got used to sharing her. Mostly cause he was the security guard at Predator Ridge and he snuck us in at night to play in the pool and drove us around on the golf cart. One time I had a big fight with my brother and my mom and I was really, really upset, and Kevin just came upstairs and gave me a big hug and just listened to me vent for what seemed like hours. He really is a kind, sweet guy. Over the years I have watched Kevin grow and change. For instance he originally was going to major in chemistry, and he excelled at it and was even friends with his prof! What a geek! But somehow he decided he liked English and languages and stuff. I'm not sure why. He came up with these typ portraits and I was blown away when I saw my sister's face made out of typed letters. I missed them a lot when they moved to Calgary, but I knew they wouldn't be gone too long. I was so happy for Kevin and Laurel when Kev got a job at OC, and

ecstatic when he published his first book “Rhapsodmancy”! I was thrilled when they chose to buy the house I picked for them, and not so thrilled when we had to pack everything up and move. I was overwhelmed by the love at their 10 year vow renewal, and by how much they have grown over the years. I am so proud to be Kevin’s sister in law and so proud of how he is and has always been purely kevin mcpherson eckhoff.



Hilroy

Kevin Mcpherson-Eckhoff was there at Okanagan College in Kelowna, looking longhaired and understated, at the conference when Jake Kennedy showed a room full of creative writing teachers, including Kevin, a video of Ken Goldsmith talking about uncreative writing. The video was one I had seen before. Christian Bok was there. After the video, he spoke in favour of Goldsmith's approach, among other things. That was what Jake and Kevin talked about, too. Most other people offered various reactionary opinions; there were a few tentative expressions of openness and curiosity.

I was there in my capacity as a representative of the University of Northern British Columbia and Emily Carr University Bachelor of Fine Arts Program, which was a hybrid creative writing/visual arts program, and which employed me as an assistant. I joined the conversation to support Goldsmith's approach, and to support a more general commitment to intellectual engagement with avant-gardisms. Later, there was a break, and Christian showed me Dokaka, the Japanese beatboxer who does Slayer covers. He also told me about W.G. Sebald.

Later still, Kevin drove me to Jake's house and then to the airport. At the airport, Christian, Jake, Kevin, and I all ate in the restaurant there. Maybe only Christian and I were eating. The food was not good. The vegetarian selections were very poor. I gave each of them some CDs and chapbooks of mine about which they later said nothing.

Another time, the Toronto singer-songwriter Peter Katz stayed at my house when he was performing in Prince George. He gave me a bottle of wine to celebrate my recent publishing contract, a gesture which I thought was all class. We talked about writers and he told me that his pal Kevin had just gotten one with Coach House. I was, of course, impressed. He said I might know Kevin, Kevin Mccpherson-Eckhoff? Yes, I had met him.

Fairly recently, Kevin and Jake came to Prince George and read at Books & Company. They did some really silly stuff, like reading from an old children's book series that taught the alphabet and giving away books from the set. Kevin also gave me his address on a small slip of paper that bore the title *Their Biography*. Lately, Kevin has been posting on his Facebook wall about how all he wants for Christmas is *Their Biography*. This paragraph, and the preceding four paragraphs, constitute Jeremy Stewart's contribution to *Their Biography*. Merry Christmas, Kevin.

AN EXCEPT FROM YOUR BIOGRAPHY

In a confessional that he never had the opportunity to fully develop, Kevin remembers a spectacle. The man in charge—an embodiment of villainy—cut him short: "My performativity," Kevin had begun. Kevin never finished. The man in charge had abandoned Kevin. A lyric had inspired him: "I want a doctor to take your picture, so I can look at you from inside as well." Everything confused Kevin, especially semiotics. Hence, he couldn't efficiently share his onanism with the man in charge, who left in a rush following an algorithm of his own.

WANTED

Evaluated College Work—*Fall 2011*

Last Known Whereabouts: *Being harboured by Kevin McPherson*

Possible Motives: *He enjoys marking slowly to torment his students; His dogs ate the homework*

Reward: *50 Samolians and a "their brography" write up*

Contact: *Riley @ nox_1991@hotmail.com or 250-542-2590 with any further information helpful towards the completion of this mysyery.*

SAFETY PINS FOR ZIPPERS

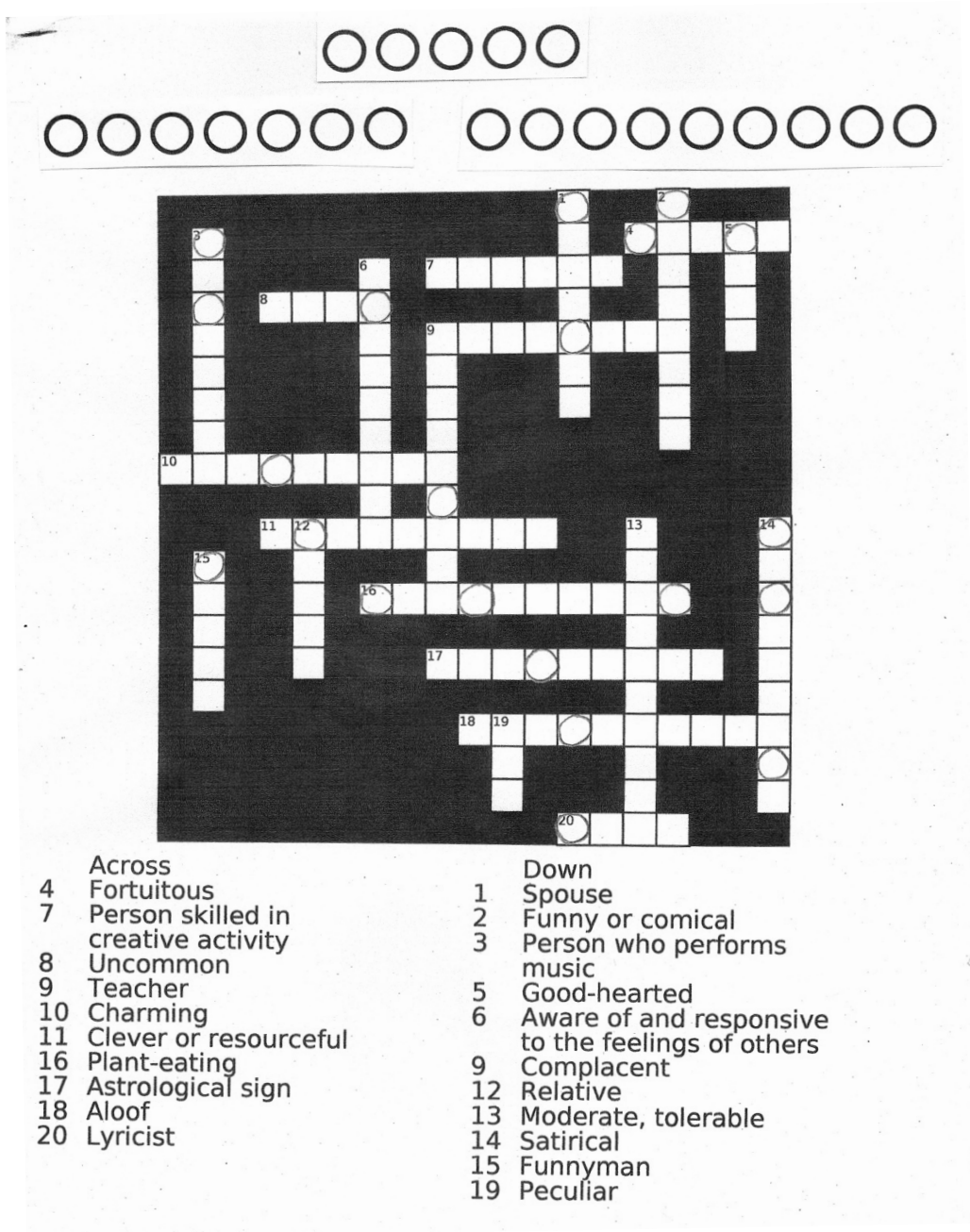
Like the taste of a cafe noir with honey,
He dips his pen in fresh ink,
Inscribes green leaves of ivy,
Then splashes them with pink.

His unconventionality is his charm,
A natural wit and joker too,
He holds quiet adoration,
Until guitars turn blue.

He'll hike through woods,
Searching beyond the scent of pines,
Leaving hieroglyphs of brilliance,
While branding the petals of curious minds.

Sensitive to the softness,
Of the frozen, December soil,
It is an innocent passion,
for which he secretly toils.

JUMBLE



KEVIN MCPHERSON: A PROMISING REFERENCE?

I thought just now about Kevin Mcpherson, about how I'd promised my partner Matt that I'd write something for Kevin's biography project. Kevin, though he has never been Matt's teacher or employer, agreed to be listed as a reference on his resume, as long as we contributed to his latest literary endeavour.

I asked Matt what Kevin might say about him. Would he be able to describe a time where Matt dazzled all with his sharp problem solving skills? Proved his determination and wit? His communication skills?

A reference call to Kevin Mcpherson could go either way, I thought to myself. It might go something like this:

Employer: *Hello, is this Mr. Mcpherson?*

Kevin: *Perhaps. There are many Mcphersons. With which do you wish to speak?*

Employer: *Ah, well, let me see. A Mr. Kevin Mcpherson.*

Kevin: *I am Jaroslaw Ilya Mcpherson Eckhoff. But you can call me Kevin.*

Employer: *OK then, Mr. uh. Kevin. I'm calling with regards to Matthew Purdon. He's applied for a position here at the University of Victoria.*

Kevin: *A position at the university... Does it pay well? I am a man of academia myself, you know. My credentials are widespread. I teach creative writing, well, life skills really, at a college here in the beautiful Okanagan. I have a BA, but more importantly, have had multiple interviews with CBC's Marion Barschel. I've been told Daybreak really comes alive with the sound of my voice...*

Employer: *But what can you tell me about Matthew?*

Now, based on the following facts that

- a) Kevin has no experience with Matt academically
- b) Kevin has never worked with Matt, and
- c) The only events that come to mind when they were both present involve liquor and blow up dolls,

This is where my mind logically wanders:

Kevin: *Hmm. Well, he can throw a helluva bachelor's party. Goodie bags filled with flasks, pipes, shot glasses, and South East Asian weed. He also introduced me to Chubby Tubby, a much misunderstood woman. A real doll. I've learned a lot from that young man. How to face prejudices, light fires, get fired...*

Imaginary scenarios aside, what I do know about Kevin, from brief conversations here and there, is that he is immediately likable. His personality is completely disarming. I suspect his friendliness would work magic on prospective blue and white collar employers alike. And, as a creative writer, it's likely that he could just make up situations where Matt glowed as a student, a volunteer, an employee—perhaps even the hero in a plane crash...

Kevin Hartford is the most interesting Kevin in the world. He doesn't always wear sweaters but when he does they are tacky.

Touch not the cat but a glove, globetrotter Kevin said when born. A glove trots the cat with a shove,
grade one. Cartouche of a cat, touché, says fencing Kev. Middle School. Love casts a bot light on the
tush. High School. Glad night where bites love. Middle Kevin's age. Grey hand caught in tusk of twilit
job. Dark torch baits cot where K brains memory at light end. A braid of sighs signs off. Hand's glove
is life's bud. Boy had cat but only one body. Night, Kevin. Night.

Kevin is so funny. What I would tell to people is that whenever he comes over just at the door he makes me laugh.

A constant sarcasm blurs the separation between truth and the other shit.